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SKETCH
OF THE
LIFE
OF
FIESCHI.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY C. ARMAND, 46, BATHBONE-PLACE, OXFORD STREET.

AN
HISTORICAL
AND
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
F I E S C H I,

WITH ANECDOTES RELATING TO HIS LIFE:
PRECEDED BY A NARRATIVE
OF THE
CIRCUMSTANCES ATTENDING THE EVENTS OF THE
28th JULY, 1835.

Together with an accurate description of the assassin's apartment: of the formation of his machine; remarks concerning his accomplices; the women with whom he successively lived: his examination, &c. &c.

PUBLISHED BY

A. BOUVEIRON,

DIRECTOR OF THE MERCANTILE AND GENERAL COMMISSION OFFICE;
AGENT OF SEVERAL ESTABLISHMENTS ON THE CONTINENT, &c.

PRICE 1s. 6d.

LONDON:

SOLD AT THE OFFICE OF THE EDITOR,
28, COVENTRY STREET, HAYMARKET;
AND BY ALL RESPECTABLE BOOKSELLERS.

1835.

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PREFACE.

AT a moment that curiosity and public opinion are so highly excited by the eagerness to know the person, the character, manners, habits, in short, the life of the great criminal Fieschi: when the greatest part of the English people seek to find the cause by which this wretch has been actuated, and the principal agent who has impelled him to commit such a horrible outrage as his, I think that a complete sketch of the life of this man—a sketch delineated with all the precision the subject requires—would be read with interest by every one.

I obtained many details as correct as curious, through the first mission I sent spontaneously to Paris on the first of August last: this mission had no other object in view than the collection of all possible information upon this crime, in order to execute the idea I conceived, on the first arrival of the disastrous news, of presenting to the English nation a correct exhibition of every thing relating to that event.

The kind reception I have met with from thousands of visitors, among whom I have the honour to acknowledge many of the highest rank and first

respectability; and the flattering recommendations of the English and French Press, &c. &c. are the best proofs that can be given of having succeeded by my exertions in attaining the first object I had in view.

Encouraged by this success, I have neglected nothing, to collect continually in Paris, Corsica, or elsewhere every particular that could be obtained from persons able to give the best information, from those who may formerly have had a small knowledge of him at any period of his life, and more particularly from the celebrated physicians to whose skill the existence of the criminal has been intrusted.

Amongst the numberless accounts and reports I have been able to obtain, I have selected those upon whose accuracy I could rely, and the authenticity of which is such, as to guarantee their publication.

Happy shall I feel myself if I have succeed in interesting and satisfying the curiosity of my readers.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "A. Bouveiron". The signature is written in black ink and features elaborate flourishes, particularly a large, sweeping underline that loops back under the main text.

October 15th 1835.

I.

THE fifth anniversary of the Revolution of July, has been marked by an outrage, of which, a like example, cannot be found in the most bloody pages of French History.

The 28th July was ushered in, under the happiest auspices; the most beautiful weather favoured one of the finest reviews the capital of Paris ever witnessed.

The King had reviewed the second line of Infantry, surrounded by his young and noble family, and a staff in which might be seen the most celebrated of the French Generals.

He had arrived at the *Boulevard du Temple*, and was passing in front of the 8th legion of the National Guard, when on a sudden, an explosion like the scattered fire of a platoon was heard: a frightful disorder soon followed this noise.

It was an INFERNAL MACHINE which had just sent forth a shower of balls, and other missiles, on the groupe which surrounded the King and his children. One of the French military heroes, *le Duc de Treviso*, fell weltering in his blood, and expired without uttering a word: *General Lachasse de Verigny*, was mortally wounded in the forehead: *Mr. de Rieussec* Lieutenant-colonel of the National Guard;

an aide-de-camp to the Minister of War: *Capitaine Vilatte*: a young woman, and several National Guards expired in the midst of the horses, (that were un-governable), and the terrified crowd at the sight of such a dreadful assassination.

During the first moment of confusion, the King's horse being wounded in the neck, reared up at the same time as that of the Duke of Nemours, who was a little behind his father. By this motion the King received such a violent blow on the left arm, that he thought he had been struck by a ball: he stretched out his hand and said: "I have been touched in the arm, but it is nothing." Afterwards the King's arm was stiff and painful during the evening.

Finally, in the midst of this tumult, which, it is impossible to describe, a cry was raised, which was immediately repeated by a thousand voices, "The King is unhurt: neither of the Princes are wounded." And in fact his Majesty, moved solely by the sight of the victims which surrounded him, pushed his horse into the ranks of the National Guard, and was almost carried by them, followed by innumerable vivas.

The discharge came from the 3rd. story of a house situated in front of the *Jardin Turc*. In a moment the house was carried by the National Guards, who lined the *Boulevard*. They penetrated as far as the room, whence the explosion took place, and they found the dreadful Machine still smoking.

One of them, seeing a man letting himself down by

a cord, cried out to him. “*Ah! C’est toi, misérable, nous te tenons!*” * At this moment, Fieschi, (for it was he) finding himself at the height of a wall sprung upon it and fell into a neighbouring court; but he found there another *agent de police*, who, assisted by some other persons, among them by an officer of the 8th legion of National Guard, made himself master of him. The news of the outrage on the *Boulevard* spread rapidly. *Le General Remigni* the King’s aide-de-camp, galloped off to assure the Queen as soon as he could, with certainty, that the King was not hurt: and, on his road, he, in a few words, told the Colonels of the different Legions what had just happened. Directly afterwards, some staff officers gave the particulars of it: and in a few minutes, there was not a National Guard, or a Soldier along the whole line who was not apprised of the event.

The National Guard and the line were eager to form an enclosure to clear the theatre of this scene of grief, by which they might know the extent.

A large pool of blood covered the pavement of the *Boulevard*, where lay three horses. In the opposite walk three dead bodies; those of two men and a young woman. But it was the *Café Turc* which presented the most heart-rending sight. In a billiard-room were lying, each on a mattress, *le Maréchal Mortier*, *M. de Rieussec*, a sergeant and two National Guards of the 8th legion. In the garden lay *le Gê-*

* Ah! is it you, wretch, we will have you.

néral Verigny, on a bed a little elevated: he still breathed, and the physicians were anxious to lavish their attentions on him; but he had been struck in the head by a ball, and an affection of the brain had begun to show itself by ominous signs: there remained no hope of saving this brave officer.

The Queen and the Princesses were at the residence of the *Garde des Sceaux à la Chancellerie*, in order to view the defiling of the troops *sur la Place Vendôme*, when it was announced to them that an *Infernal Machine* had burst as the King was passing, that several persons were killed, but that his Majesty and the Princes were unhurt! It was thought necessary at first to conceal the event from the Queen, but it was impossible. Her Majesty could have read the dreadful affair that had taken place in the countenances of those who approached her. The ministers present thought proper to tell her of it. It is easy to imagine the emotion into which a sensation of the danger the King and his sons had been placed in, had plunged her; and as his Majesty, who wished to continue the review, had not appeared, she for a moment thought that part of the truth had been disguised, and that perhaps the King was grievously wounded.

In this same *salon* were met together the wives, mothers, and daughters of the general officers, forming the suite of his Majesty: it was known that many persons were mortally wounded not far from him; but they were still ignorant of the names of

the victims. There continued for some moments a confused murmur of sobs and cries. At length several Aides-de-Camp having successively arrived, every uncertainty ceased, and every one was apprized of the misfortune which afflicted each individually.

However, the King continued the review, which was finished amidst shouts and *vivas* which it is impossible to describe.

The King, who only betrayed his emotion by the paleness of his face, took his usual place at the foot of the column. The defiling of the troops was prolonged for a considerable length of time; and it was remarked, that the number of inquisitive persons lining the alleys *des Boulevarts*, increased every moment as fast as the news spread.

It is a fact that, by a miraculous chance, *Louis Philippe* and his sons escaped the Machine. The barrels were mounted like what is generally called an *organ* in artillery.

“ *Le Duc de Nemours et sa suite*, whose visit I have the honour to acknowledge, has kindly explained to me, that the cause of this miraculous hazard was, that at the moment Fieschi thought convenient for applying the fire to his machine, the match (which was a piece of charcoal) being blackened, the powder did not take fire; he was then obliged to put it to his mouth and blow it to redden it, and applying it again some seconds after to the train, the powder caught fire, and the machine exploded like the fire of a platoon as I have before described.” This delay allowed

the *cortege* time to advance several steps, by which means the king found himself in front of the last barrels on the left; two of these missed fire: the third burst; then it was very likely the fourth which unfortunately hit Marshall Mortier, who was immediately behind his Majesty, whose horse's neck was also pierced by a buck shot.

Mr. Horace Vernet* who was in the king's suite amongst the staff of the National Guard, was ordered by him to make a drawing of this horrible scene.

II.

The lodging which Fieschi occupied in the house No. 50, *Boulevard du Temple*, on the third story, consisted of a range of three rooms on a floor: the last of these had a single window, which looked on the *Boulevard*: that in the middle served as a kitchen, and received light from a court: the third, which formed a sort of small anti-chamber, had a way out by the *Rue des Fossés du Temple*; that is the way the assassin tried to escape.

* The celebrated painter.

The two I have just spoken of, had no furniture ; there was only found in a sort of dark closet a worn-out mattress, on which Fieschi slept sometimes. Two grey hats were found in this lodging : one of them had been damaged by the broken pieces of the gun barrels which had burst at the time of the explosion.

It would have been difficult to find a situation more favourable for this crime, than that which the assassin had chosen. There, he was placed in a kind of bastion commanding the whole road. The trees on each side formed a kind of loop-hole, from which he could take aim at his victims ; and the height at which it was placed permitted him, whilst inclining the battery, to reach them even at the other side of the road.

The discharge once effected, and when the room was entered from whence was seen to issue a quantity of smoke, they found twenty-five barrels, ranged horizontally in the grooves of a plank placed flat, something like a range of arms reversed. Thus of the barrels which had burst, by the force of the charge with which they were loaded, did so with such violence, that the walls seemed as if penetrated with shot.

Between the time the explosion took place and the time he was arrested, Fieschi got a long way, and had he not been wounded, it is certain he would have succeeded in escaping ; but they were able to follow him by the track of his blood. By means of a rope he descended from the third story (which from the

side of the *Rue Basse* makes the fourth) to the roof of a small building: he ran along this roof for about the length of twenty feet; then he entered a kitchen, in which a woman, who was frightened, was going to stop him; but he forced his way, after having torn her apron, and then got into a court, which belonged to a smoking room, *du Café des Mille Colonnes*: thence he jumped into another court belonging to a cow-keeper; he had almost reached the door when he was arrested.

At the time of the outrage he wore an old blue coat, gilt buttons and velvet collar; an old black waistcoat, no cravat, light gray trowsers, blue stockings, and his shoes down at heel. He had over a smock frock, as a Wine Merchant's boy.

The window in which this infernal machine was placed, was first closed with a cloth, and afterwards bricked up.

It is pretended that the City of Paris has bought this house to open a passage between the *Boulevard* and the *Rue Basse*. This assertion might prove true, for I find in the Paris *Petites affiches* of the beginning of the month of August, an offer to dispose of this house by private sale, for 130,000 francs.

III.

* The *Infernal Machine*, which dealt out death and carnage on the *Boulevard du Temple*, was taken away the same day from Fieschi's rooms, and placed in the office of the *Procureur du Roi*.

Before its removal from the place of explosion, the *Commissaire de Police* entrusted with it, took care to number every barrel, in the order in which they were placed, and, verify the position in which each was found after the event.

* This machine is only a kind of imitation of one which has been sometimes made use of, under the name of *jeu d'orgue*. What is called *jeu d'orgue* may be seen in Paris, at the Museum of Artillery, in the *Place St. Thomas d'Aquin*, and at that of the Navy at the *Louvre*. These are the machines from which Fieschi took the idea of his: a dozen guns, more or less, are very firmly fixed to a pivot, which is itself fixed to an apparatus of support: a battery is formed like ordinary guns to fire it with, and with this engine a person may shoot far, and cover a large space of ground.

The artillery officers who have been to examine Fieschi's machine, have remarked, that if this man had known a little of their art, and had made his fire diverging and crossing, instead of making it parallel and converging, he would have literally torn the King and his staff to pieces, as well as about two hundred more persons. It is really lucky that Fieschi has never been an artillery-man!

On Friday, July 31st. Mr. Desmortiers, *Procureur du Roi*, ordered the carpenter, who dismantled the Machine, to be brought before him; and, in the presence of the same persons who witnessed that operation, he ordered him to mount it again, in his own antichamber. It was placed before a window, at the same distance from it, as in Fieschi's room, and the blind let down in the same way as the one which kept it out of sight at the *Boulevard*.

The Machine is very ingeniously contrived, its organization has nothing complicated, and though solid is very simple in its construction.

It was mounted upon a four post frame, and with strong cross bars of the same size as the posts, and of very good oak.

Twenty-five gun barrels of the ordinary calibre, were fastened by the breech upon the back cross piece of the frame, seven or eight inches more elevated than the front one, so as to produce an inclination from the back to the front.

The end of the guns rested upon the front cross pieces, where notches had been cut to prevent their shaking. These notches were not cut on the same line, but about half an inch more elevated one than the other, so as to produce a different range, in reach and direction. Those highest were seven in number.

By this terrible arrangement of the barrels, the grape-shot they contained, ought to spread over a space of about twenty-five feet, before and after the whole suite of the King, and upon an elevation of ten

feet: that is to say, from the hoofs of the horses, to the heads of the horsemen.

By these means, it embraced a vast square surface, in which the King and his sons were expected to be in, at the moment of the explosion.

But fortunately four of the barrels having burst, the charge of two of them flew about the room: another four missed fire; and one more was not loaded, having no touch-hole, which diminished the danger by 130 or 140 missiles fired upon the same square surface, on a calculation of the quadruple charge, each of these seven barrels had refused to the intention of the assassin. These providential misses were without doubt the real cause to which France is indebted for the preservation of the King and his three sons!

The barrels, placed as already described, were fastened to the back cross piece, by an iron bar, screwed to it over the breech. They were so disposed, as to keep up, and on the same line all the touch holes; so that they could be all fired at once, by a single motion, and a train of powder spread all along over them.

In the middle of the two back posts, there was a mark for a groove; probably to cross another timber, which, working up and down, could have raised or lowered the back part, and give to the barrels more or less inclination, as it has been represented by many newspapers to be at present the case. But the real fact is, that Fieschi has never employed such a level; and that his Machine was unmoveable, and firmly fixed in every part of it. This is further confirmed,

for Fieschi finding that the front cross piece of the frame was not sufficiently high, for the inclination he wanted to give to the barrels, to make them bare on the particular line of the *Boulevard*, that he traced on his mind, he was obliged to use an old thick board, which he placed over the cross piece. This board wears the marks of some letters, (as can be seen in my exhibition,) as having belonged to some packing case; and the grooves cut on it, to receive the heads of the barrels, roughly made, and not deep enough to hold them, in case a level should have been used on the back part of the frame.

The whole Machine measures about three feet and a half wide, by four feet long, and is a little higher than the embrasure of the window of the room occupied by Fieschi.

The first, second, tenth, and twenty-first barrels missed fire: those which burst, as represented by some papers, were not together, but far apart from each other: for instance, one of them was the third, and another the twenty-third. The recoil shattered to pieces the back cross piece in different places.

In short, by examining the Machine, it may be easily perceived, that the assassin must have employed in its construction, a carpenter, a blacksmith, and a mechanic: and that he could not have done the whole, unless he had been well acquainted with these three trades, and had at his disposal all the necessary tools.

It was found indispensable, in order to draw the

charge of those barrels which have missed fire, to saw them. They were dreadfully loaded: the charge consisted of four slugs, *six grammes* heavier than balls of a common musket; from 15 to 20 buck shots, and over these, four more slugs equal to the first: so that each barrel could kill about twenty persons.

He did not purchase them of a regular gunsmith, but at the shop of a broker of the name of Bury, *Rue de l'Arbre Sec.*

He called on Thursday, the 23rd of July, at the shop of the said Mr. Bury, telling him he had a commission to execute for the country.

The barrels had been cast off as unfit for service, and were purchased of Mr. Pérardel, agent of the *Saint Quentin* Manufactory.

Had Fieschi had any notion or knowledge of the trade, he would not have purchased such old barrels, neither would he have taken one without a touch-hole, had he examined them closely; and the following letter of Doctor Montazeau supports this assertion.

Paris July 29th 1835.

Dear Sir,

“ After having uselessly given my best attention to the un-
 “ fortunate victims, and more particularly to Sophie Remy,
 “ fourteen years of age, who died after a quarter of an hour's
 “ great suffering; I was requested by Mr. Gouget, *Comissaire de*
 “ *Police* to determine what was the cause of the death of Messrs.
 “ Hardouin, a porter aged forty; Jouglard, aged fifty; and the
 “ young Sophie. My painful mission fulfilled, I went up to the
 “ room of the infernal combination of crime: I examined at-
 “ tentively all the apparatus: every thing appeared to me to
 “ have been minutely calculated and maturely considered.

“ I observed the inclination of the barrels, from the back to the front, in order to ascertain the point of their aim; and I am convinced they bore precisely upon the *Boulevard*, embracing a space of about thirty square feet by ten high.

“ A very important circumstance, and which I must mention here, is that the apparatus was composed of twenty-five barrels; four of them were stamped with the mark of *rebut*, and three of these were among the number of those burst.”

I am Sir, &c.

DOCTEUR MONTAZEAU,
16, *Rue du Martrois, Hôtel de Ville.*

At the request of Mr. Zangiacomi, a superior officer of artillery was commissioned by the Minister of War, to inspect the state of the machine. Mr. Poncharra, *Lieutenant Colonel d'Artillerie*, who has been for a long period *Inspecteur Général* of the royal manufactories of arms, was appointed to this commission.

This officer, accompanied by Mr. Lepage, one of our most skilful gunsmiths, reported that, if this dreadful engine had been completely constructed according to all the rules of the art, and fan-like disposed, it would have killed above two hundred persons; calculating the number of missiles which it must have contained, by those found in the barrels that did not go off.*

* See the report of Mr. Lepage at the end of the book.

IV.

The family of Fieschi, though Corsican, is of Genoese extraction. They belong to that class of wanderers known in Corsica by the name of *abitaticci*. They call the families which are not attached to the parish by the ties of property or relation, by this name.

It was at first established at Nessa, canton of Vico; thence removed to Valle Calle, canton of Oletta, a little distance from Bastia: but it is in a village called Bogognano, distant only a few miles from Ajaccio, that Fieschi was born, on the 13th December, 1790, according to my own investigations, and I find them confirmed in a paper of September last, called "L'INSULAIRE CORSE," that gives the following account.

"The register of the birth of Fieschi, after a long search has been found. The registers of that time being lost, it was found necessary to resort to those of the parish of Muratto, and this is the way in which it is entered."

"In the year 1790, on Friday the 13th December, I baptized a boy born of the legitimate marriage of Louis and Marie Lucie, of Pomonti, to whom I have given the name of Joseph.
Signed "LUCCIARDI" Curate.

Fieschi, had two brothers: the eldest Thomas, surnamed Mistone, was killed at the battle of Wagram: those of his comrades who have escaped the dangers of war, still remember his courage, and praise it highly.

The second brother, Anthony, born deaf and dumb, and now living at Muratto, is distinguished there by his regular conduct, his industrious habits, and his filial respect for his aged mother.

The report of the affair of the 28th July reached Muratto, and when Anthony was apprised of the sad part his brother had taken in that dreadful event, he was painfully affected. He evinced great grief when he knew the whole extent of the crime, by the number of persons who fell victims to the missiles of the Infernal Machine. He remained two days without taking any food, and was struck with horror. Somebody told him there might be a hope of his brother escaping the ignominy of the scaffold; he rejected this ray of hope with a negative gesture in which were painted his indignation and grief.

Fieschi was known all over Corsica by the surname of *Petischello*.

Still very young, Fieschi gave proofs of great energy and rare intelligence: but the poverty of his parents, who did not possess any thing else than a miserable cabin, surrounded by a few vines, was an obstacle to the development at home of the natural good qualities he had been gifted with. However,

when four years of age, his mother undertook to teach him to read, being able herself to read and write, which was rather singular in a Corsican country woman, who had passed her youth in looking after a herd of goats, and even after her marriage had done nothing else to obtain her livelihood and that of her family; for the father of Fieschi, having been condemned to a disgraceful punishment (which he had the skill to avoid) under the authority of Gen. Morand, he was obliged to fly from Corsica, and died soon after. Fieschi is rather of a small stature, (five feet one inch) slender, dark complexion, rather bald, large and open forehead, small black eyes sunk in their sockets, aquiline nose, high cheek-bones, wide mouth, flat and small chin. His look is daring, his gait quick, his disposition resolute and firm. He has a strong accent, his manners are free, and he easily becomes familiar with any person on the least acquaintance.

A very skilful mechanic, he constructed by himself at the *Croulebarbe* mill, a weaver's loom of a complicated and difficult make. Endowed with extraordinary agility, he excels in all the gymnastic exercises and more particularly in that of fencing and the stick.

This dexterity, his physical force, and even his sangfroid can be easily conceived, when we reflect on the courage he must have had, wounded as he was to let himself down by a cord and supported only by one hand.

Fieschi has never been married: therefore can neither have had a wife, nor a father-in-law, as it has been reported. It is true, he lived with a woman named Petit as man and wife: this woman had a great influence over him on all occasions.

Fieschi never belonged to the Society of the Rights of Man. Though he always affected to profess ultra liberal opinions, having been suspected by the most influential men of this party as a Police Spy, he could never gain the confidence of the Republicans. As to any thing else, Fieschi possessed all the necessary qualifications to be the head and chief of a plot: indeed, he could have been a Massaniello in a small scale.

He was very covetous of money: he frequented the gambling houses as soon as his means, *no matter how small, allowed him.* He has been seen very often at the hells of the Palais Royal.

He lived successively at Lodève, Montpellier, Lyons, and Paris! he worked some time at Lodève, under the name of Gerard, as a weaver in a woollen cloth manufactory.

Towards the end of 1830, Mr. Caunes appointed Inspector of sewers took lodgings in the *Rue Buffon*. The woman Fieschi, alias Lassave, alias Petit, (all these three names it is proved she assumed), lodged at the same house and took charge of Mr. Caunes's lodgings. Fieschi was then, in a company of unattached, non-commissioned officers. He complained bitterly of his fate, and the ingratitude of the govern-

ment, whom, he said, overlooked his services. Mr. Caunes a man of an uncommon obliging disposition, did all in his power to better the situation of Fieschi, who, possessing a great deal of deceitfulness, made himself interesting in his eyes by narrating different stories as his own adventures: but which were diametrically opposed to the wretched existence he had carried on, up to that day.

By means of these false stories, Fieschi moved the compassion of honourable personages, and they interested themselves in his behalf. But it was a tissue of falsehoods, and the character and conduct of Fieschi from his youth, and after the restoration, are very far from resembling the portrait he was pleased to paint of himself.

Fieschi was not thirteen years of age, when, forsaking his parents and home, went to Naples, and enlisted in a regiment of light infantry: he was very zealous, and showed an intrepidity and *sangfroid* superior to his age: he was made a sergeant at eighteen.

This advancement was not yet enough to satisfy his thirst of money: a passion in the character of Fieschi, which overcame all others: and every thing tends to prove that at the accession of Murat to the throne of Naples, this wretch became a spy. He nevertheless gave proofs on several occasions, of great courage, and a tried firmness. He was soon pointed out as one of the bravest soldiers of King Joachim's army.

At this time the fortune of Murat began to change; this Prince after having joined his arms to those of the Allies to put down France, was obliged to defend himself against the powerful coalition of which he had formed a party, and called all Italy to arms. After some success, Murat beaten by the Austrians, retired upon Bologna, and followed his retreat by the March of Ancona.

Fieschi thought this was a favourable opportunity to take up again his occupation as a spy; he deserted his ranks and went over to the Austrians, and it is supposed that the information he conveyed powerfully contributed to win the battle of the 2nd. of May, in which the army of Murat, was annihilated by Generals Newperg and Branchi.

Either the trade of spy was not more lucrative to Fieschi: or he lost by chance the fruits of his treachery, he went back to Corsica towards the middle of the year 1815, in the most wretched and miserable condition. Almost at the same time, Murat, dethroned and persecuted by the French Police, took refuge in that Island, at Vesuwatto in the house of General Franceschetti.

Fieschi was soon acquainted with the arrival of the Prince, and the place of his retreat; he hastened to present himself to him, and offer his services, which were immediately accepted. Murat, having not yet lost the hopes of repossessing himself of the throne, entrusted Fieschi with a secret mission: the latter went to Naples, and probably at the time, instead

of serving the fugitive prince, he became the agent of the Bourbons, whose government was already re-established: at all events, it has been ascertained that on his return to Corsica, he made a splendid report to Murat of the public spirit of the Neapolitans. He assured King Joachim that he had only to present himself to the army, and the people, to be proclaimed as their King and be supported by them: he asserted that Murat could reach Naples as easily as Napoleon went up to Paris, and he so much insisted, that the Prince, induced besides by his adventurous character, resolved to undertake that rash expedition, which brought him to his death. The rest is known.

At the end of 1815, Fieschi returned once more to Corsica, and remained there several months: but soon fatigued with his inactivity, he came over to France towards the end of 1816, and arrived in Paris in the month of December. It appears that all his endeavours to enter the French Police were unsuccessful: he went to Lyons, and worked as a journeyman in a cloth manufactory.

After the revolution of July he returned to Paris. Mr. Caunes placed him in one of his workshops *de la Bièvre*, where he got two francs a-day, and afterwards *la Ville de Paris* having purchased the Croulbarbe Mill, *Rue du Champ de l'Alouette*, Mr. Caunes appointed him inspector of that establishment. Then it was that Fieschi tendered his resignation as an unattached non-commissioned officer, in order to go to inhabit this mill with the woman Petit, till Mr.

Caunes, perceiving a great deal of mismanagement in his service, he dismissed him from his manufactory. This happened in the month of September or October, 1834.

Formerly, at the time of the ravages of the cholera at Paris, he was most assiduous in his attentions to Mr. Caunes, who caught the epidemic; and evinced towards him during this season, a remarkable attachment, which inspired the friends of Mr. Caunes with gratitude. The latter sometimes said that he owed the preservation of his life to Fieschi. It has been said that Fieschi had usurped the quality of a condemned politician; and that under false titles, he had obtained assistance of the commission appointed after the revolution of July. The fact is very near right. I say very near, for it is true that Fieschi was a condemned politician, but a foreigner, that is to say a condemned Neapolitan. Sentence of death was passed upon him at Naples, in consequence of the unfortunate expedition of Murat. It may be recollected that General Franchescetti would only accept the pardon which the Sicilian government offered him, on condition that his soldiers should be included in the amnesty; and, in fact, the soldiers that formed a part of this adventurous expedition were sent to France: the officers landed at Toulon, and the soldiers at Marseilles.

Fieschi, still young, asked and obtained leave to go to Corsica to visit his family. He found his sister married; he claimed from her that portion of the

paternal estate which was due to him, although very small, as it appears, since he himself only estimated it at the value of a cow. His sister and brother in law having forgotten his right, Fieschi was determined to obtain justice with his own hands; he ran to the neighbouring meadow, and took away a bullock, and drove it to the market to sell it. This audacious conduct took place in open day, in the presence of a number of persons, who offered no resistance, well knowing that his character was such, that he would not let go his booty without a struggle. But on the market to which Fieschi was taking the ox, the authorities had placed an agent who permitted nothing to be exposed for sale without his visa, and the owner proving his right by a certificate signed by the mayor of his *commune*. Fieschi not being able to shew one, he with the assistance of a friend, directly forged one, with all its legal formes: the signature of the mayor, the seal of the municipality, nothing was left out. His brother in law, Toussaint Mathieu Murratti, a native of Muratto, followed him close and lodged a complaint against him; Fieschi was arrested, brought before the court of assize, and condemned to ten years of solitary confinement, in spite of the tears and supplications of his sister. This judgment was given the 28th of August 1816. He underwent it in the prison of Embrun, to which he was immediately transferred.

As a soldier in Murat's expedition, Fieschi had roused the attention of the government, on his landing

in France, and the minister of the interior, had subjected him to the *surveillance de la Police*, as a condemned politician. It was by the assistance of these official orders, which had followed him to *Montpellier*, to *Lodève*, to *Lyons*, &c, that Fieschi imposed on the committee of condemned politicians, and obtained from it, during three months, twenty-five fr. per month, in all seventy-five fr. But the truth being discovered, for this act, he was erased from the list of the sufferers, denounced to the authorities, and taken before the *tribunal de police correctionnelle*. It was to avoid the police that he left the Croulebarbe mill. He appeared to depend much on not losing the good opinion of those, who interested themselves in his favour. The discoveries of the police, exasperated him, and the last words he addressed to Mr. Caunes, who advised him to surrender himself, on account of the weight of his offences, were the following. "They shall never take me alive," and he showed him with a ferocious countenance the whip loaded with leaden balls, which he always carried concealed about him. Every body is desirous to know, whether Fieschi had been employed by the police, and especially if he had been in Italy to watch the Duchess of Berry. I have every reason to believe that Fieschi was employed by Mr. Baude, to whom he had even the audacity to say "*Mr. Prefect, during a revolution it is sometimes necessary to get rid of persons, without saying a word about it; and for which you have only to account to God: do as you like with me, I will undertake any thing.*"

At another time, when he was a carrier, of the newspaper "*La Révolution*," as it will be seen hereafter, he said to Colonel L....(an English gentleman), one of the editors of that periodical, showing him his arm: "*writing! always writing! nothing but wasting paper! We ought to act: we must act firmly, with resolution.*" and as he had often expressed himself in this strain, the Colonel, who did not like such language, thought proper to dismiss him from the service of the Journal. Fieschi, understanding he had lost his situation by the influence of the Colonel wrote a letter to him full of threats, and advising him to be on the look out. The Colonel paid no attention to it, and never heard any more of him.

I have this from the Colonel himself, who being in London, has honoured me with a visit to my exhibition; and seeing the figure of Fieschi represented in bed, in his dungeon, in the situation in which I obtained his likeness, assured me that it was a most striking one.

These circumstances I have just related, seem to discredit his having been in the service of Mr. Gisquet. Let it be as it will, it is evident that he had never been in Italy to watch the Duchess of Berry, for ever since the end of 1830, he was constantly employed in Mr. Caunes's manufactory.

This public functionary, and many other persons, have seen Fieschi almost every day since the beginning of the year, 1831, and his signature is moreover

attached to all the marginal notes of the books of the manufactory.

Fieschi is one of those Italian bravadoes, who feel the same pride in the perpetration and plotting of a murder, that truly brave men would feel, at the accomplishment of a great, and generous action.

It is said, that after having been recognized by Mr. Lavocat, he said to him, with a sort of heartfelt sincerity. "Mr. Lavocat, promise me one thing!"

"What is it?"

"It is, that if sent to the scaffold, you will come and see, with what a look Fieschi will regard the instrument of death. You will see whether my legs tremble, and you will say, I there recognise Fieschi."

On the other hand, how can we ally this *sangfroid* with his base thirst of money.

Fieschi was employed in the newspaper, "*la Révolution*," from its commencement. He was introduced by a man named Jigat, who joined to the duties of cashier of this journal, those of an agent of the police; like Jigat, Fieschi had the privilege of a direct communication with Mr. Gisquet: he was besides intrusted with the charge of watching a section, of the Society of the Rights of Man, in which he affiliated himself in his character of a Republican, and an *employé*, of the journal *la Révolution*.

Fieschi was likewise a member of a Society of Legitimists, with the knowledge of the police. All this explains, the reason why he could remain in Paris, under the very eyes of the police, though a con-

demned culprit, and under its *surveillance*, and his residence assigned to him at a hundred leagues from the capital.

In performing his different duties, Fieschi always continued his Italian habits. He always carried a dagger with him. One day as he drew it in the presence of another person, the latter said: "Are you not afraid of being brought into trouble for wearing such a weapon? suppose by chance you were arrested?" "Bah.... replied he, I fear nothing: the Prefect of the Police knows it; I showed it to him in his *cabinet*." Mr. Baude was at that time Prefect of Police.

About this time Fieschi sought to be employed as a foreign spy. That was the height of his ambition. To those who would listen to him, he said, "That is my *fort*; I am formed for a situation like that; I have the cunning and patience necessary for success; and as I fear no one I always carry in my pocket something to defend myself." In fact, at the time of his arrest Fieschi carried that terrible weapon which would have aided his flight if he had not been so badly wounded.

"Ah! indeed," exclaimed he at his first examination, "if I had not been wounded, you should not have held me here: I had something to rid me of a whole brigade of your police officers."

Immediately after his arrest, Fieschi was taken to the station house at the *Chateau d'Eau*: shut up in the guard room, and then searched: they found on him a small packet of powder, a knife, a pair of spec-

tacles, a silver watch, fifteen or seventeen francs in a leather purse, and the famous (*fléau*): he did not carry his dagger that day.

After the defiling of the troops, Fieschi was placed on a litter, and taken to the *Conciergerie*, whither the *Procureur Général*, Messrs. Frank Carré, Plougoulm, the *Procureur du Roi* Mr. Desmortiers, and Messrs. Legonidec and Duret d'Archiac *Juges d'Instruction*, repaired, presided by the Minister of the Interior, and the *Prefet de la Police*.

Fieschi made a confession of his crime; and declared he had no accomplices: however, what could be the cause which directed the arm of Fieschi? This is a question which is asked by every body.

V.

During the ten years of confinement of Fieschi in the prison of Embrun, he formed a connexion with a woman of the name of Petit, condemned to five years hard labour, for a fraudulent bankruptcy. This connexion continued, or was lately renewed.

At the time of the perpetration of his crime, this woman fled. Her daughter, who, it is rumoured had similar connexions with him, changed her name and disappeared.

The magistrates attached great importance to the arrest of these two women; for, besides the information that might be elicited from them, there was some reason to suspect that it was one of them, who concealed the famous trunk, so much spoken of, and which Fieschi had carried away from his house, shortly before the perpetration of his crime.

These two women were arrested, almost at the same time: and the trunk was in fact, found at the residence of the young Nina.

It was not without trouble that the police obtained this discovery: for, it has been ascertained, that this trunk since the time of the crime, has been deposited at nine different places: among them the most conspicuous is the house of a Mr. Morey, upon whom hangs heavy charges, as it is said, and who is also in custody; but, however, when he was arrested no other paper was found in his house, than some pawn-broker's tickets.

The woman Petit, though very common in her appearance, is however, distinguished by her acquirements, and a very easy elocution.

If we believe her, her family is highly respectable in the country. She is unprepossessing in her appearance: she is tall, thin, and of a very dark complexion: her southern accent is very strong. Her language is soft and insinuating, and must be distrusted, for she never speaks the truth, and she keeps up an imposition with astonishing composure: her obliquity of vision favours her in not looking right at the face of her interlocutor.

This woman exercised a great influence over Fieschi, who, convinced of her superiority used to obey her as a child.

She caught every opportunity to make known her goodness, her greatness of mind, her generosity, and the delicacy of her feelings: she boasted too, of her disinterestedness, and her attachment to her friends. On this subject she has narrated some anecdotes which in her present position, might be useful to clear up some doubts, and restore some staggering convictions.

This woman since the year 1830, shared the fate of her lover. She followed him to the Croulebarbe mill, where she was till about the middle of 1834. However, she quitted him, on account of some domestic quarrel, the cause of which is yet unknown; and took a situation at the *Marché des Patriarches*, as a shopwoman at a baker's. Some time after she kept a *table d'hôte*, where some students of medicine used to dine.

As to Nina Lassave: she is twenty years of age. After 1830, she went to the *Hôpital de la Pitié*, where Mr. Lisfranc cured her of a scrophulous complaint, by which she lost an eye, and one of her hands.

The newspapers were wrong, in saying, there was a third woman, who could not be found; and who was blind of one eye, and had lost a finger. This description can be applied to no other person than Nina Lassave.

On account of certain malicious insinuations sent forth by the neighbours, that only a single light was ever seen burning at Fieschi's lodgings, where the woman Petit, and likewise her daughter Nina slept, the former, excited by jealousy, succeeded in hiding herself in a chest of drawers; and one evening, surprised both Fieschi and her daughter as they were going to bed. However, they became again friends a little while after.

The mistress of Fieschi, it is said, was formerly a pensioner of the ancient dynasty: but what is more certain is, that Fieschi one day showed, when he was at the manufactory of the *Gobelins*, a miniature picture of the *Duc de Bordeaux*, and that he affected to profess legitimatist opinions. Again, while reproaching a condemned liberal with his secondary position, he told him that a man like him ought to rise above his present situation. "As for me," he added, "if another revolution should happen, I will kill kings, princes, and all those of high rank that might fall into my hands." No other importance is attached to these threats and bravadoes, than to give an idea of the ambitious and malignant character of the man, who would have undertaken any thing to satisfy his cupidity.

Among the individuals arrested as accomplices, the one most inculpated is a man of the name of Boireau, 26 years of age, and a journeyman lamp-maker. This young man worked in the shop of a lampmaker in the *Rue Neuve des Petits Champs*.

It is said that on the evening before the outrage took place, Boireau was visited by two persons very well dressed, who introduced themselves to him in the shop. At the time of leaving his work, Boireau said to his master, if you will believe me, do not go to the review to-morrow, for I know some thing will happen : and he went away. After he was gone, his master, connecting this prophecy with the visit of the two strangers, began to have his suspicions : he immediately repaired to Mr Dyonnet, *Commissaire de Police*, whom he knew was on duty at the Opera ; "I want," said he to the check-taker, "to speak to the *commissaire* on duty, it is on a very important business ; have the goodness to tell me the number of his box." This honest manufacturer soon found him, and communicated to him what his man had told him ; adding that he suspected there was a plot in existence.

The *Commissaire* hastened to leave the theatre, to devise means, in concert with his informer, to discover the criminal projects which appeared to be in preparation. But unfortunately, by a strange fatality, the lampmaker could not point out the residence of his workman ; and all the enquiries that could possibly be made proved fruitless : either there was not sufficient time, or they did not put much faith on the statement of the lampmaker, or whether they did not attach much importance to it, things remained in *statu quo*.

After the arrest of Fieschi, the police found out

the address of Boireau: and he was arrested in his own chamber, at No. 77, *Rue Quincampoix*. He was taken to the *Prefecture*, where he underwent his preliminary examination, which it appears established his participation in the plot against the King's life. He confessed having himself purchased for Fieschi the powder necessary for the loading of the machine. He was immediately conveyed to a cell, kept in solitary confinement, and has remained there ever since. The suspected owner of the second hat that was found at Fieschi's has been arrested in the following manner.

This man having his arm very badly wounded, presented himself one morning at the *Hôpital St. Louis*: he pretended that he was one of the victims of the outrage: it naturally astonished them that a person wounded in this affair, should have waited so long without calling for any assistance. This circumstance together with the nature of the wound, awoke suspicion. They then tried the hat on him, and it was found to correspond exactly with the size of his head. The same day, a singular event took place at the *Hôtel Dieu*. A man named Brenette, a bleacher, living at *Boulogne* near Paris, presented himself exactly at four o'clock in the afternoon at this hospital, requesting to be admitted on a very urgent case. He was suffering under a dislocation of one of his legs: the next day he left his bed, and descending to the *Terrace de St. Marthe*, threw himself into the river. It being low water and being able to swim, he did

not succeed in drowning himself: the soldiers on the station of the *Petit-pont* brought him back to the *Hôtel-Dieu*. He asked leave to go out, and apprehended every moment to be called as a witness to the Palace. Was he labouring under an affection of the brain or giving way to the secret reproaches of his conscience? This would be difficult at the present to determine. In the meanwhile they placed him under the care of the assistants and acquainted the authorities with the case.

During this time a fact no less singular, and which is in a certain degree analogous to those already mentioned, took place at more than thirty leagues from Paris. In the night of the 30th of July, an individual taking advantage of the moment, when one of the gates of *Péronne* was opened, to let the Diligence in, slipped into the city: the porter, thinking he was one of the passengers just got off the coach, let him pass: the individual went to a guard house, and addressing the National Guards who were there, asked them to show him an inn, where he could pass the night, not wishing, as he said, to alight at the hotel of the diligence. This man had no hat on, and in such a condition, as to show he had made a long journey on foot. They asked him for his passport, and he could only show a certificate from the *Procureur General de Senlis*, without the seal of that magistrate. He was delivered into the custody of the *gens d'armes*, who soon discovered that one of his hands, which he very care-

fully concealed, was chafed as if he had been sliding down a rope: his breast was recently wounded, and the wounds appeared to have been inflicted by a musket shot fired close to him.

Le Substitut du Procureur Général de la Court Royale d'Amiens, was informed of the arrest, and immediately repaired to the spot.

A man named Boroton wounded in the thigh by a musket shot, and who was among the wounded received at Saint Louis, was arrested after being twice examined by a magistrate, and transferred to the *Conciergerie*. It appears that heavy suspicions are attached to this man; who being found wounded, according to some, near the house, and according to others in the very house itself, from which the explosion proceeded, could not give at first, any satisfactory explanation concerning his wounds.

Mr. Pepin, a grocer, formerly a captain of the National Guard and whom the Police sought with great eagerness, from the suspicion they had of his complicity with Fieschi, was arrested on the 29th of August. He was taken at midnight from the *Conciergerie* to be present during the search of his house ordered by Mr. Legonisec *juge d'instruction*, and committed to the care of the *commissaire de police* Mr. Milliet, in company with the *chef de police de sureté*. He was escorted by a sufficient number of police officers and municipal guards.

They went to his house, so escorted, and began to search. Nothing suspicious was found after the

most scrupulous research, when they remembered they had forgotten the cellar. They asked Mr. Pepin, who was always surrounded by four police officers, to come down. They first examined the cellar, and ascertained that it had but one entrance. Two of the officers kept the door, and the other began the search: meanwhile Mr. Pepin was walking up and down, but keeping always his eye upon the searching officers. Suddenly, they looked for him, but he had disappeared. The guards at the door were sure he had not passed through it, and it must be remarked that the door being a narrow one, it was impossible that he could have slipped by them without having been seen: no other egress could be found after examining minutely all over the cellar, and the Police were amazed at such an escape, more marvellous still than any other that had happened about that time*

It has been since ascertained that he made his escape through the sewer of the cellar. He afterwards sent the following letter from his concealment to Baron Pasquier, *Président de la Cour des Pairs*, and to Mr. Martin du Nord, *Procureur Général*.

“ Gentlemen.

“ On the point of being again exposed to the gaze of my
 “ neighbours; the cup of bitterness yet being not exhausted;
 “ the precaution taken to arrest me; deprived of even com-
 “ munication, constantly attended by two officers, my wife in
 “ chains, my unfortunate four children left to themselves, and a
 “ prey to their painful feelings; my establishment, the only re-

* The prisoners of St. Pélagie.

“ source left me for the support of my large family; so many
 “ misfortunes, miseries, and unjust persecutions, have deranged
 “ my senses, and unhinged my mind.

“ Have I done right or wrong, or have I fallen into a snare?
 “ In this confusion I followed the precept of a great man, a great
 “ lawyer : I frustrated the vigilance of my guards, and succeeded
 “ in my escape.

“ I am not accused as the same great man said, of having
 “ pocketed the towers of *Notre Dame*; but they suppose me
 “ such a monstrous character as to have had previous knowledge
 “ of a great crime. If this had been true, as I have already told
 “ you, Gentlemen, the writer of this would have ceased to exist
 “ a long time ago.

“ Do not believe, Gentlemen, that I have escaped in order to
 “ avoid the laws, nor your jurisdiction, nor my reappearing be-
 “ fore you : an honest man is always ready to answer for his
 “ actions. I ought even for the honour of my children to excul-
 “ pate myself from an accusation, as base as deplorable, that they
 “ want to charge me with.

“ As you may have perceived, gentlemen, I am in a weak
 “ state of health, subject to an incurable disease : I cannot live
 “ long, and I could not bear a protracted confinement, in a
 “ dungeon.

“ I have nothing to add to the interrogations you made me
 “ undergo. I will not leave Paris, if I receive fresh information
 “ I will address them to you; and when I recover from the state
 “ of mind in which my unhappy situation has thrown me, I will
 “ consider whether I ought to surrender myself now, or at a
 “ proper time : however, I promise to deliver myself up to you,
 “ at any time you may order.

“ Gentlemen, you are, no doubt, parents with families, my
 “ wife as well as myself have done nothing contrary to the prin-
 “ ciples of honour, nothing to deserve such an unhappy fate.
 “ Set my dear wife then at liberty, restore her to her disconsolate
 “ and afflicted children ; you may be sure you will always find
 “ her when you want her.

“ I rely on your honour, as men and judges, and once more
 “ I promise you to surrender myself at any time you think fit.

“ I am obliged, against my will, to send a copy of this letter
 “ to some newspaper, in order to put a stop to the assemblage
 “ of the people before my house.”

I am Gentlemen, &c,
 TH. PEPIN.

The police attached great importance to the re-

capture of Pepin, and they neglected nothing that could put them on the tract of the fugitive, who taking advantage of the cleansing of the sewer, of the next cellar, a circumstance unknown to his guards, disappeared under their very eyes.

After a month of fruitless research, the *Prefet de Police* received notice of the retreat of Pepin. He had found a refuge in the thick part of the *Forest de Crecy*, and a police spy, whose friendship he never suspected, had discovered his retreat, and offered to secure his person, provided his instructions were followed.

Then, Mr. Allard *Chef du service de sureté* started in company with some agents disguised as well as himself; and went towards the *Forest de Crecy* where they arrived in the morning; and waiting for a reinforcement, his first care was to reconnoitre the situation of his residence. This done, he hastened to withdraw into the thick part of the forest, in order to avoid suspicion. This last circumstance endangered the success of the expedition; for the hour appointed for the rendez-vous being at night, they were unable to find the house again, amidst the windings of the Forest. They were obliged to dispatch a messenger to Mr. Gisquet *Prefet de Police*, who expecting to receive the news of his capture, received that of the disappointment of his agents.

He immediately went himself to the place: there he met the police agent who was in the confidence of the fugitive, to whom he had just made the offer

of procuring for him a passport and a woman's dress to effect his escape to a foreign country; but Pepin had refused to accept them. The Prefect gave orders to surround the house, and that in case of resistance it should be stormed. This order was soon executed, and Pepin taken: he arrived at the *Prefecture de Police* at four o'clock in the afternoon, from thence transferred to the *Conciergerie*, and the following day examined by the Peers, Baron Pasquier and Count Portalis. On the same day he was visited by the *Ministre de l'Intérieur*.

While Pepin was concealed in the forest *de Creci*, the greatest part of the French journals announced his arrival at Rotterdam.

Morey arrested as an accomplice of Fieschi, was a journeyman saddler to the establishment of the *Duc d'Angouleme*. He has never disguised his political opinions; he has a *fleur-de-lis* tattooed on the left arm. It is said that it was he who made the magnificent saddle used by the *Duchesse de Berri* while she was in *la Vendée* at the head of her troops. This saddle as well as the white horse of the *Duchesse* were admired by the troops in the affair of *Chêne*.

Morey was very much afflicted at being arrested. He had taken such excellent precautions, that he thought himself out of the reach of all suspicion. Up to that time he had concealed from Fieschi his dwelling, his trade, and even his name. He was called by the latter, *my Uncle*, or *the Paymaster*. It was by means of Nina Lassave, that the Police obtained information of him.

A magistrate observing to Fieschi, the immense number of people he might have killed or wounded, with his Machine, asked him if he did not feel any remorse for having put in jeopardy the lives of so many persons ; he replied, " I know very well I have done wrong."

" But who could induce you to commit such a horrible outrage ?"

" I was so bothered, that at last I yielded. By perseverance you may conquer the most modest woman, that is the way by which I have been ruined."

" Then you have yielded to suggestions ?"

" Most certainly, Sir, and of more kinds than one."

" And who made you those suggestions ?"

" It may endanger my life, therefore I prefer to keep that to myself."

VI.

The preliminary examination of the trial of Fieschi rapidly advances as his real or suspected accomplices are arrested, but his trial will not begin before the middle of November. He evinces a deal of gratitude for the care which is taken of his preservation, and makes no resistance whatever. Sometimes he will heave a sigh ; on being asked if he is in

pain, he replies that it is not his wounds that make him sigh, but his moral sufferings.

On the 28th of July, some moments before the explosion took place, and near the scene of the crime, a young man distinctly whistled three different times; he was immediately arrested, taken home to the *Passage St. Pierre*, and thence transferred to the *Préfecture*, after they had well searched his dwelling. Were these three whistles intended as a signal for the explosion or merely for amusement? That is what the examination will explain.

The word *Mont*..... having been noticed on a part of the wood work of the infernal machine, and No. 41 on another part, what could be the meaning of these marks? Was it the beginning of the name of a street? More than twenty streets in Paris begin with that monosyllable. After many searches they at length arrived at the *Rue Montreuil*, precisely at No 41 in this street lives a joiner. He it was that made the wood work, and instantly acknowledged it. As I have said elsewhere, the work had been ordered ever since the month of April.

They found a cab-driver who swore to having carried an individual, with a very heavy trunk, to the house on the *Boulevard du Temple*: when he was introduced to Fieschi, he immediately recognised him by his clothes and countenance, although it was partly concealed by the bandages which were wrapped round his head. Some of the members of the Chamber of Deputies having questioned Mr Baude

about his connexion with Fieschi, among other things which he related on the subject, the ex-Prefect of Police told them, that one day having complained of a man who interrupted him in an undertaking in the presence of Fieschi, the latter replied very coolly, "If this man troubles you, we must get rid of him. I will do it for you."

It is said that Fieschi expressed a desire to recover his snuff-box: he wished, it appears, to have it back, because it had a double bottom to it, and in the inner one there was a lock of hair concealed.

One of his physicians having said to him, "Is it possible that you could have committed the crime yourself without an accomplice?" he answered, "*Sir, have the goodness to dress my wounds, that is your business, for you are not here as a magistrate.*"

In spite of the extreme reserve which the Committee of Instruction keeps, it may be perceived that they have not been able to lay hold of the thread of a complicity so extended and important. The culprit, whose career has always been one of intrigue, is not destitute of spirit or knowledge; and he has more than once shown proofs in his examinations of his Italian cunning, which set at defiance the ingenuity of the judge. It is now certain that he is not, as it was at first supposed, one of those splenetic and rash characters, who sacrificed themselves to the accomplishment of any action which may appear noble in their eyes, but on the contrary he took every possible precaution to avoid falling into the hands of justice,

and they have not been able to find a single paper in his trunk, and all his linen was marked with the letter M. It is likewise known, that he has more than once hesitated to commit the crime; he has even confessed, that a little time before the king passed, his courage failed him, and he went to a wine merchant to have some liquor, which gave him courage enough to accomplish his fatal design.

The condition of Fieschi has not failed to be as satisfactory as the nature of his wounds gave reason to hope; the first attack of fever and supuration are over; he was as weak as may be expected after the copious bleedings which it was found necessary to subject him to. All the time of his illness he has constantly preserved his presence of mind, and has even infused into his character more energy than he had formerly shown. A remarkable thing in his situation, and with the fanaticism with which it is supposed he must be animated, is that he willingly complied with the prescriptions of his physicians. He has been assiduously attended by Messrs. Majohn, Lisfranc, Bompard, Emeiry, Guichard and Blandin; and recommended to the particular attention and care of Messrs Barras and Bonnet, physicians to the *Conciergerie*: on the 4th of October he was declared by them completely recovered. The extreme secrecy that has been kept with regard to all the accused, has made me to be very particular about the anecdotes circulating about them. However, I will here relate those I think the most accurate.

During the last year of the imprisonment of Fieschi at Embrun, he became acquainted with the woman Petit, who was undergoing the sentence of five years hard labour. The very evening before his liberation from prison, he contrived to hide himself in the yard of the women's quarter, to wait till his mistress should pass by: but being discovered by the turnkey on duty, he was locked up for the last night in his cell.

The woman Petit has a great deal of knavery and *finesse* in her disposition: amongst other things a narration of an anecdote will suffice to make the reader better acquainted with her.

An inspector of the Customs for the department of l'Hérault was left a widower. He engaged Laurence Petit as his house-keeper: (Laurence is one of her christian names) being then young and rather good looking, she managed before long in such a way, that she persuaded her master who was advanced in years to marry her.

This man died. His widow Laurence after obtaining from his estate all that she could, went to Lyons where she again married a merchant of the name of Abot; she soon ruined this second husband by her extravagance and expensive habits, and in a little time a writ for a fraudulent bankruptcy was filed against them and they were sentenced, he to ten years to the galleys at Toulon and she to five years to the prison at Embrun.

Several persons believing her to be more unfortunate than guilty, charitably recommended her to the

local authorities, but her bad conduct soon caused her to be abandoned by those who had contributed to her relief; otherwise her conduct has been regular, if we may credit the reports which have been circulated from time to time about her.

Here is another anecdote which happened in the prison of Embrun. The windows of the men's infirmary looked into the women's yard, and Madame Abot (the name by which she was known in the prison,) had captivated the heart of a young sailor, who was there confined for insubordination. In the absence of the turnkey, they managed to have a little talk, in which Laurence Petit reproached him with not loving her enough. I, said the young man, I would give my life for you.

—"You would not give your little finger" said Laurence to him.

—"Will you have it?" cried the sailor stretching out one hand, and holding a knife in the other.

—"Let us see if you have courage enough."

The young man immediately cut it off, and his bloody finger fell at the feet of the woman Petit who boasted to her companions of this pledge of love for a long time after.

It is very true that Fieschi was at Lyons during 1830, and here will be given some details, for the accuracy of which I can vouch.

About the 12th or 15th of August 1830, Fieschi presented himself at the house of the Lieutenant General, Count Verdier, who had the command of

the town, and the National Guard of Lyons, and he implored his protection and assistance, as he was a victim to the persecutions of despotism, for having taken part in a plot, in favor of the Emperor Napoleon: he said he belonged to the Royal Guard of Murat, and was related to the family of a celebrated General, under whose protection he meant to put himself at his arrival in Paris. He was provided with a very correct certificate, and about a page of writing, at the bottom of which were attached the signatures *de Général Tiburce Sebastiani*, and *Franceschetti*. He was moreover furnished with a certificate from the governor of the central prison of Embrun, which stated that Fieschi had been there detained, five years as a condemned criminal for his political opinions, and that he so distinguished himself by his good conduct, that he was employed as an assistant in the establishment, till the time of his discharge. These two certificates have been since discovered at Paris to be forgeries; that of the governor of the prison had the seal of the establishment attached to it.

Fieschi petitioned to be sent to Paris, and requested his allowance or milage; General Verdier ordered to be given to him a pass so as to enable him to receive a relief on his route: a recommendation to the committee, and as he was entirely destitute a subscription was raised in his favor, which produced him about forty francs, and he set out for Paris.

Last March one of his countrymen, who had not

seen him for some time, met him walking in one of the alleys of the *Champs Elyseés*, in company with a stranger, who had a bundle under his arm. Fieschi was very cleanly dressed; but this cleanliness strangely contrasted with his threadbare clothes.

Well, said his countryman, accosting him and shaking hands. "Does fortune begin to smile on us?"

"Fortune!" exclaimed Fieschi, with a bitter smile: "Yes, truly, society scouts me death itself would be a thousand times better than such a degree of abjection. Well, death, be it so but before I die I will make the world talk of me.

The wretch kept his word. Fieschi without difficulty acknowledged himself the author of the outrage and has expressed his repentance. But he has refused, up to this moment to declare that he had any accomplices.

All possible means have been tried in order to obtain that declaration: it has even been hinted to him that this would perhaps be the only way in which he could expect to save his life: but, it seems, that he is under the impression that his crime is not so great: that he *had killed nobody*, and therefore he will not be subjected to any other punishment than transportation. Besides, he has been kept in this error, for I know he reads every day an edition of the *Journal de Paris*, expressly printed for his own private reading.

This impression is not strange, if we consider that he was obliged to fly, wounded as he was by his own machine, without having sufficient time to observe the effect produced by the discharge, and therefore the whole extent of the disaster.

On the 3rd and 4th of October, being confronted with *Mademoiselle Nina Lassave* he expressed himself during the examination according to this belief; Nina was going to undeceive him; but she was prevented by the interference of the magistrate. On her departure, Fieschi made her a present of ten frs. to buy a gown.

At the time he was taken he fainted away, and continued so till after his arrival at the prison. Since then, they have taken every precaution to prevent him from having any communication from without. The four men who delivered him into the hands of the authorities have been kept locked up with him, and also without any exterior communication. They share his captivity, but receive a compensation for the mission which is entrusted to them, of amusing him and keeping him employed. They play at cards, drafts, or dominoes.

The magistrates who usually examine him, treat him with great kindness, which helps to keep him quiet and has accelerated his cure; thus one of them who often visits him is accustomed to call him "*Mon cher Fieschi!*" and when he accosts him, he kindly salutes him by "*Bon jour, mon cher Fieschi; com-*

*ment allons nous aujourd'hui?"** If Fieschi is in bed when he arrives, he apologizes for not being up to receive his judge; to which the latter replies, he must not mind that, for they can converse just as well while he is in bed.

Le Ministre de l'Interieur is more ceremonious, and addresses him always Monsieur Fieschi; but it is, however, remarkable, that he shows the latter less confidence, and that in his presence he is serious and reserved.

The room in which Fieschi is confined, is vaulted and dark; but is clean and sufficiently furnished. The window is ornamented with a white curtain; the bed is always kept clean, and another bed is in a corner for the use of his guard, who passes the night with him. Eighteen or twenty persons are more or less implicated in this affair, which will lengthen the trial more than it was at first supposed, and make the investigation very extensive.

However, nothing important has yet been elicited, at least as relates to the discovery of the principal author, who has planned and directed this machination.

Morey could throw some light on the subject; but this individual maintains an absolute silence on whatever relates to this event. He is in a constant state of irritation, upon which the politeness of the Peer-

* "Good morning, my dear Fieschi; how are *we* going on today?"

judges make no impression. It is reported that one day Mr. Pasquier was talking with him, when suddenly he seized that peer violently, and it was not without difficulty that he was disengaged from his grasp. In order to get rid of his troubles, having no other means at his command, he determined to starve himself to death; but by the last accounts it seems that he had relinquished that intention. He has yielded to the cravings of nature, and has taken, on the 3rd of October, an egg, and drank some wine and sugar.

Those persons who have known Fieschi, are unanimous in respect to his savage disposition, his spirit, his astonishing resolution, and his audacity in spite of principle, law, or prejudice. When he was known by the name of *Gérard*, the servant of Mr. Lavocat said: "If it is not *Gérard*, there is only Fieschi in this world, capable of committing such a crime."

Being both talkative, and a good story-teller, Fieschi amuses those who listen to him; although nobody believes all he says he has done, or would have done. Devoid of any good feeling, he is easily attached to any one; and there are two or three persons whom he likes, as the bull dog likes the master that feeds him. He has often placed his dagger at the disposal of these privileged individuals; and the following trait will prove, that he thought he could not show his attachment in a better manner. One day he went to the doctor's who had attended a

woman, with whom he formerly lived: after thanking him he said:

“ You cannot expect that a man in my circumstances, will pay money for the service you have done me. But I can do, what no Frenchman would dare to propose.”

“ What is that, Sir ?”

“ Have you any rival, any enemy you wish to get rid of, any relation whom death does not carry off quick enough? If you have, I keep an instrument, entirely at your service.” This instrument was, as may be easily imagined, the dagger, which he showed to the frightened and horror struck doctor.

Since the 15th or 18th of September, Fieschi has been convalescent: he takes a walk almost every morning in the great yard of the *Conciergerie*, called *La Cour des Femmes*. His head is wrapped up in a black silk handkerchief, and has his wounded arm in a sling. The windows of the shops of the *Gallerie* of the *Palais*, looking into this court have been closed by blinds. Precautions have lately been increased: sentinels have been placed at the windows of the Register's office of the *Cour-Royale*, in order to prevent curious people from approaching the place reserved to Fieschi's walk. These sentinels are on duty from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon.

In proportion as Fieschi recovers his strength it may be perceived, that all the decision of his Corsican character is gradually developing itself.

He seems resigned as to the consequences of his crime. He lately said to a magistrate, who was interrogating him. "Well, I have one life only: if I must lose it, let them take it: but, do not make me wait. When the wine is drawn, we must have courage to drink it. What are the French good for? They do not know how to die."

Every possible precaution has been taken (as it was natural to expect) in order to prevent Fieschi from attempting his life. He soon took notice of it, and calling the Governor of the prison told him "You take a great deal of trouble to deprive me of every means and even of the idea of committing suicide: but I do not perceive that you take at the same time any precaution to paralyze the efforts of those interested in my destruction. Are you sure that my victuals which pass through many hands, are not liable to suffer some pernicious alteration before they come to me?"—"You are right," answered the governor, struck with the justness of this observation; "well, from this day, your dinner shall be prepared at my own house, and brought up to you locked up in a box."

This measure is strictly kept, and has contributed to set Fieschi's mind at rest. Now that he is recovered, he amuses himself in playing with his guards, completely unmoved by the idea of the atrocious crime he has committed.

Some time ago, he dictated about twenty pages of his own memoirs, to the *Sergeant de Ville*, charged of his custody. But Mr. Gisquet *Prefet de Police*,

has destroyed them. Of the four prisoners the most implicated in this affair, Fieschi is the one who has the best health and spirits.

The woman Petit, suspected of participation or knowledge of the crime, was set at liberty on the 4th of October. When the order of her liberation was read to her, she was so affected that she fainted away.

The ministry very nearly possess every document that may throw any light upon the crime of Fieschi, (for, till now nothing of a positive character has been discovered), and there is nothing more to do than to put them in order. This work being very voluminous, cannot be very soon accomplished.

Several professional gentlemen have been appointed to assist Mr. Martin du Nord, *Procureur Général* in their redaction. These coadjutors begin their work early in the morning, and do not leave off till late at night.

Among the immense number of documents, of which it is composed, there are no less than 1200 denunciations received by the *Préfecture de Police*, copies of which have been transmitted to the office of the *Procureur Général*.

Fieschi wished to intrust his defence to Messrs Chaix-d'Est-Ange and Parquin; but these gentlemen have declined to undertake it.

The greatest secrecy pervades every step taken preparatory to the trial. The Committee of Instruction of the Court of Peers, is convinced that Fieschi is only the instrument of the attack of the 28th of July.

The person upon whom the whole affair seems to fall is Morey. Nothing has given more light upon the subject than the discovery of a memorandum book thrown by Morey into a closet. It has been taken up, and decyphered with considerable difficulty.

Almost every entry in this book is made with a pencil and written in cyphers. It also contains the memorandum of the sums of money received by Morey before the 28th of July. One of them amounts to twenty one thousand francs.

The most remarkable and the most significative of all the notes entered in this book is the following: "*The month of July will astonish France!*"

Though Pepin denies or evades all the questions put to him by the Committee of Peers, there is however, a circumstance which they cannot overlook.

When he was arrested, he had concealed about his person, a printed collection or choice of the most violent and incendiary speeches delivered by the Dantons, the Murats, the Saint-Justs, and other notorious characters of the French Republic. This book seemed to serve him as a manual which he was in the habit of reading, and from which he seems to have drawn many of his political inspirations. However, as he has not yet been confronted with Fieschi, neither the accusation of the latter, nor the other circumstances I have just alluded to, can be viewed in the light of positive proofs. They only serve to justify the conclusion the people have here come to; namely, that Fieschi was a tool in the hands of

some party, who was waiting behind the curtain, ready to come forward had he succeeded in his attempt.

The only question is to know whether the sums advanced by Pepin to Fieschi, were for the purpose of purchasing the implements of the machine, or intended as assistance which he had frequently given him before his crime.

In order to facilitate and comprehend on the trial the particulars of the outrage, the judicial authorities have caused a sketch to be taken of the house inhabited by Fieschi, and the ground surrounding it. This sketch, committed to the care of Mr. Noel, an architect, comprises six drawings. The first and second represent the front looking on the *Boulevard*, and the side on the *Rue des Fossés du Temple*: the third, the plan of the ground upon which the house is built: the fourth, the rooms occupied by Fieschi: the fifth is a perspective view of the walls of the *Jardin-Turc* and adjoining buildings. The marks made on them by the projectiles have been represented in the drawing.

The sixth drawing represents that part of the *Boulevard* comprised between the *Rue du Temple* and the *Rue Charlot*. The position of the King, as well as those of *Maréchal Mortier*, *Mr. de Rieussec*, and the other victims, have been carefully and faithfully represented. The King, at that moment, preceded his suite by more than the length of a horse, and the illustrious *Maréchal* was at the head of the staff.

This work, the result of the most minute investigations made on the spot, and according to the best information given by eye-witnesses, is drawn up with all the precision and correctness which are expected from such an eminent artist. It is probable that the sketch will be lithographed, and distributed to the Peers, and will form a part of the evidence of the prosecution.

The Committee of Instruction for the trial, have arrived at the end of their labour. The preparatory inquiries are already completed, and Count Portalis, one of the members of the Committee has been charged to make the report which is to be presented to the Chamber of Peers formed into a Court of Justice for that purpose.

This important report will throw, no doubt, great light on the whole affair, and will give publicity to the numerous and curious documents collected by the Committee, who, anxious on their part, to clear themselves of the imputation of dissimulation, which they have been often accused of, intend to produce them as they are, without any suppression. This voluminous work will consist at least of four 4to. vols.

It is not for me to speak of the correctness of the model of Fieschi's infernal machine, the representation of the room, the furniture and cell where he is lying wounded, and his likenesses in wax before and after the completion of his crime, &c., &c., the exhibition of which I offer to the public; and invite them to come and see it and judge for themselves;

but I beg to say that during the nine weeks this exhibition remained open in London, it has been visited by upwards of fifteen thousand persons, among whom I have been honored by many of the first nobility and gentry, some of whom have visited it two and in several instances three different times,

The press also, a severe judge, and which has a right to be so considered from the information it has the power of acquiring upon every subject whatever, and from every part of the globe, has constantly recommended my exhibition as the most exact representation that could be produced of the individual as well as of every thing relating to the outrage, at the moment of its being committed.

It is well known that I have spared no expense, neglected no pains nor sacrifice, in order to bring it forth as near perfection, as the ingenuity of man can attain. I hope I have succeeded, and I must add that I have been careful in not exposing myself to a severe critique by presenting as evidence, any thing the accuracy of which I was not previously well convinced of.

Amongst the great personages who have honored me with several visits, I must be allowed to mention with due respect that of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, who, at the first time was half an hour examining the machine minutely, and was so kind as to give an explanation of his own idea on the subject, to many ladies and gentlemen present: but not similar to that given by the showmen employed for that

purpose. His Grace's was based upon the principle of science and the rules of artillery; and showed by strict reasoning, the fatal consequences that might have been produced by such an infernal machine. Among his observations, which the spectators heard with the greatest attention, I will relate one that will give an idea of his Grace's perspicuity and quickness of mind, and which had not hitherto been observed by any one.

The twenty-five barrels composing the machine, were placed in an oblique angle of about forty-five degrees, pointing precisely towards the middle of the *Boulevard*, and as it has been described, to comprise a square surface of fifteen to twenty feet, and ten in height. One of the showmen said to his Grace, *who knows Paris so well.....*that though in the line aimed at, fourteen persons were killed on the spot, and twenty-one to twenty-four more or less wounded: the walls of the *Café Turc* and adjoining buildings fronting Fieschi's house, were, notwithstanding, also struck in different places by many of the missiles. His Grace asked him :

“Is it known how that could happen?”

“The general opinion is,” replied the man, “that some of the barrels being pointed higher, and the projectiles passing over the heads of the people standing in the *Boulevard*, struck the walls of the buildings in front.”

“No!” said his Grace: and he then explained why, from the obliquity of the barrels, and their fixed

and firm position, it was impossible their projectiles could strike in a direct line so high in front; but being so heavily loaded, after spreading death on their passage, they struck the ground with such violence, that they rebounded against the walls of the opposite buildings.

This observation of the Duke's, which I have transmitted to Paris, and which I have mentioned to many persons in London, has been approved of by every body, and considered as the most evident reason of the buildings being struck out of the direct line.

From the last news, Morey appears to succeed at last in destroying himself, before the grand trial commences: it appears he has so stubbornly persevered in his resolution of dying of inanition, that all the resources of art have become powerless: a consultation of six medical men was held lately, in order to devise some means of forcing some food into him: but the efforts were unsuccessful, and his state is so desperate, that the possibility of his recovery is doubted even should he consent to take any.

When Morey's determination of dying of inanition, was mentioned to Fieschi, (who has now two broad-scars, one half an inch deep) he expresses his disbelief of it, and replies, that if he himself be doomed to die, it shall not be of hunger: the miscreant has a very high opinion, both of himself and of his deed, and professes the utmost contempt for those whom the investigation of the peers points out as accomplices, and whom he calls his colleagues. "My colleagues!!!" says he, "they are a set of cowards."

From all the facts I have related, from the information I have collected, and finally by the correspondence I keep up to this moment with persons in Paris, well informed from their situation, of all that is passing relative to Fieschi, I am authorized to conclude, that this man is not, as I have before observed, one of those resolute and gloomy fanatics, whom a strong religious or political enthusiasm has sometimes impelled to crimes of a similar nature. He even seems incapable of comprehending how any man could sacrifice himself for the propagation of an *idea*, for the triumph of a *system*. Material and palpable enjoyments, have ever been the grand object of all his pursuits. In order to obtain these, there are few dangers to which he would not expose himself; provided he foresaw, that with presence of mind, and strength of nerves, it were possible to extricate himself from them. *Bold, resolute, and unprincipled*, his arm has ever been at the disposal of any faction, that could offer him advantages great enough to counterbalance, in his own estimation, the risk he might run by serving it. In a word, if there be any thing peculiar in Fieschi, it is his *physical*, not his *mental organization*.

From such a man it might be expected that disclosures would come as a matter of course; and indeed, Fieschi conceals nothing of what he really does know; but this is very little, for the men by whom he was employed, I mean the leading men, never disclosed themselves, and only communicated with him, through the medium of subordinate agents.

To conclude, there seems to be two opinions in this business. The one, endeavours to prove that there were accomplices in the attempt: that is to say, persons who had a direct or indirect participation in it: by these means the crime of Fieschi might be ascribed to a plot with a political view. The other, sees but an isolated act in the dreadful outrage that shed so much blood in the streets of Paris. It may be possible in this case, that there were persons knowing previously the intention of Fieschi, and consequently guilty of not revealing it. But this is not complicity in the sense of the *French law*, and, therefore no plot could be found out: for, a plot implies concert among several persons, in order to accomplish a criminal purpose.

Up to the present moment, this is the most interesting, as well as the most accurate intelligence, I have been able to collect of the life and deeds of Fieschi. I will add to my preceding description, every thing particular that may occur between this time, and the termination of his trial, having a person for that purpose in Paris.

REPORT OF M. LEPAGE,

GUN-SMITH TO THE KING.

(*"Constitutionnel"* of the 10th of August, 1835).

“On the 29th of July I was requested to call on Mr Desmottiers, *Procureur du Roi*, in order to examine a frame made of very strong oak, supported by four square posts, and four cross-pieces bound together by strong iron bands, which had sup-

“ported twenty-five gun-barrels of the ordinary calibre. This
 “frame-work, formerly known by the name of *Jeu d'Orgue*, and
 “now by that of the *Infernal Machine*, was about three feet
 “three inches square, by three feet high.

“These twenty-five gun-barrels were fastened at the breech,
 “and turned so that the touch-holes might be upwards, and rest-
 “ing on the back cross-piece of the frame, which was about eight
 “inches higher than the front one producing an inclination from
 “the back to the front.

“The end of the barrels rested upon the front cross-piece, over
 “which was placed (as it appears with a view to rise it), an old
 “board, marked in black letters, as it is generally used in mark-
 “ing bales of goods : in this board were grooves cut, where the
 “ends of the barrels were fixed in. These grooves were roughly
 “cut.

“On examining the twenty-five barrels, and putting them on
 “again according to their number, as marked by the *Commissaire*
 “*de Police*, who assisted when it was taken down, at the house
 “No. 50, *Boulevard du Temple*, I found that four of the barrels
 “had burst; two of them in such a manner as to send their
 “charge according to their direction : but the other two bursted
 “in a manner so as to spread their charge in the same room of
 “the crime, and one of these two from the place of its bursting,
 “is no doubt the one that wounded Gérard. Four others of the
 “barrels missed fire, and there was one unloaded, having no
 “touch-hole. Amongst the four that missed fire, are precisely
 “the two last on the left, and the next is one of those that burst.

“The loading of the four barrels which missed fire were so
 “hard rammed down, that it was impossible to draw the charge
 “by the ordinary means : I was obliged to get them sawed about
 “five inches from the breech, and I found in each from three
 “and a half to four inches of gunpowder, and three or four balls;
 “then a wadding, and thirteen or fourteen slugs; then another
 “wadding, and again three or four more balls.

“In their general arrangement, seven were set about half an
 “inch higher than the others, which at the distance of their
 “point in blanc, must produce a difference of about ten feet in
 “height.”

Signed LEPAGE.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY C. ARMAND, 46, BATHONE-PLACE, OXFORD STREET.



